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Shelley's Criticism of Life.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY GEORGE M. HARPER, '84, OF PA.

"MORE and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." This statement of a great and careful critic, none but those who take an extremely low view of poetry will be inclined to contradict. And since poetry of the truly classic stamp is to exercise so potent a function, is to be one of the standards of life, one of the sources of life, how important it is that only the best achievements be called classic. "Yes; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read." It is, therefore, the duty of criticism to seek out the best and give it its proper place. When W. M. Rossetti says, "To write the life of Shelley is (if I may trust my own belief) to write the life of the greatest English poet since Milton, or possibly since Shakespeare," he expresses what to most people appears to be an extreme opinion. But an effort made by such men as Rossetti and Swinburne and Browning cannot

be unworthy of consideration. Their exertions have already brought the name of Shelley into greater favor than it ever before enjoyed. Yet his position is still much disputed. He has his literary foes, who give him a very low rank indeed; he has, as we have seen, his equally zealous defenders, who would give him a place above Burns and Wordsworth, Byron and Keats. This disparity of opinion renders fairness all the more difficult and the more necessary.

What does Mr. Arnold mean when he speaks of poetry as interpreting life, as consoling us, as sustaining us? He means that, as poetry is the best and truest expression of the mind of man, its excellence must rest not alone on the manner but on the matter also; not merely on the beautiful versification, the intoxicating rhythm, or the sounding rhyme, but on the sentiments uttered, the ideals offered, the images created, and the reciprocal joy and satisfaction evoked in the mind of the reader. Thus it comes to pass that "poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life,—to the question: How to live." Having arrived at this preliminary understanding, I shall endeavor in this essay to answer two questions: What qualities in any given body of poetry make it a good criticism of life? To what extent does the poetry of Shelley possess these qualities?

Poetry, and in fact all literature, as Mr. Warner told us the other day, must not only satisfy our need of facts, our need of knowledge, but it must have a more enduring quality, it must satisfy a deeper and more universal want. What is this want? It may occur to some that it is the sense for beauty, and undoubtedly the sense for beauty is deeper than the sense for knowledge,—the sense for facts. But the desire for beauty seems hardly a sufficient, hardly a universal enough want. Is there not a still more deep-seated sense? Beyond all those wants which find satisfaction in literature, beyond them and yet embracing them, is a uni-

versal law of which they are the expression,—the sense of the eternal fitness of things. It is this sense which seeks satisfaction in the observation of analogies; it is this whose violation gives that feeling of incongruity whence humor arises; it is this which warms the heart and fills the eye when Shakespeare's heroes nobly fall in battle and when Milton's Samson dies,

" With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favoring and assisting to the end."

But since the sense of satisfaction in observing the eternal fitness of things is the all-embracing law of which the sense for knowledge and the sense for beauty are minor maxims only, there can be no complete satisfaction of the higher sense unless *all* the subordinate ones of which it is composed be also satisfied. Just so, in the sphere of morals, no man is completely virtuous who does not obey the minor maxims of virtue, such as honesty and benevolence. Take the poetry of Pope or Swift, for instance. They give us knowledge; they are even brilliant specimens of versification, of force, of wit. But they fail to adequately touch that in us which responds to beauty. What that Pope or Swift ever wrote comes back to us in moments of suffering and *consoles* us, in moments of trial or temptation and *sustains* us? Byron misses the complete ideal by shocking the sense for morality. Gray and Thompson and Southey and a host of others fail to satisfy the sense for power. One feels no such loss in reading Homer or Dante, or Goethe, or Shakespeare. Within the limits of their genius—and is it not limitless—they are perfect poets.

The second question for our consideration now comes up. To what extent does the poetry of Shelley give us a perception of the eternal fitness of things, and the security and help, the joy and consolation which accompany such perception? It certainly has the quality of beauty—perhaps the most important of all the qualities which poetry can possess.

In spite of weak lines written in boyhood, in spite of the fact that the poet's early death prevented that heightening and perfecting which come only through revision, the verse is almost unexcelled for its sweetness, its ease, its ready response to the thronging conceptions which it embodies. Beauty of sentiment it likewise possesses in abundant measure. No modern English poet has won such just and general praise for the purity, the dignity, the height and nobleness of his ideals, and for the brave consistency with which they are expounded and defended. In an age when the grotesque abominations of the French realistic school are called beautiful, when Whitman's hideous disclosures are considered pure, there can be scarcely a more wholesome antidote than the ideality of Shelley. Nor is his poetry wanting in lyric flow, in sustained passages of high-wrought loveliness. None but Shelley could have written "Prometheus Unbound," and it alone is enough to demand our acknowledgement that he was a master of poetic beauty.

Nor can the unbiased critic deny that his poetry has astonishing force. It has a strength of its own, a piercing, nervous strength, unlike that of Shakespeare or that of Milton, but, nevertheless, unexcelled in its own kind. It is the power of passion. Shelley was of a feminine cast of mind himself, and the power shown in his best work is a feminine power, shrill and tremulous and terribly passionate. He has none of Shakespeare's masculine suavity and calmness, none of Milton's masculine reserve and weight. A comparison of "The Cenci" with "King Lear" and "Samson Agonistes" will illustrate the difference.

Does Shelley's poetry satisfy the sense for morality, the sense which Byron shocks, the sense which Shakespeare appeals to, stimulates and appeases on every page? To this question a complete yes or no answer is impossible. One feels, in reading Shelley, that he is reading the heart of a sincere, honest man, a man of high ideals and good intentions. And, in so far, one's own sense for morality is pro-

pitiated, for Shelley certainly teaches pure and noble lessons in life, he certainly furnishes lofty ideals of conduct. And, in spite of his extreme and passionate attacks on Christianity and many of the accepted traditions and institutions of mankind, his poetry does not destroy, but rather fosters one's reverence for what is truest and noblest, and inspires one with unspeakable faith in the spiritual world. It must, however, be admitted that much of this good effect results from the fact that Shelley so far oversteps himself in his attacks as to convince his readers that the objects of his attacks are sounder than he. Notwithstanding his morbid condemnation of the past, and his unsparing denunciation of the present, there is no poet whose faith in the future perfectibility of the race is so lofty and so impassioned. The man who makes Shelley's poetry his Bible may live blindly, and may neglect the control of his passions, as Shelley himself did, but he cannot live a low or mean life.

In the face of Mr. Stopford Brooke's assertion that "there is no longer any doubt, among those worthy to judge, that Shelley has assumed his own separate throne among the greater poets of England," it is no easy matter to avoid the charge of captiousness and presumption, when an honest conviction bids one point out what he considers a flaw in Shelley's work which is fatal to his reputation as a critic of life. But all men are not lovers of Shelley's poetry; many have, in fact, much fault to find with it; and we must bear in mind the value of criticism, the value of knowing whether to accept Rossetti's statement or that of Emerson, who said that he found little or nothing in Shelley. To the average reader, Shelley conveys an impression of beauty, of strength and of moral worth; but something more is wanting. There is a vague sense that his poetry lacks depth and stamina, that it is too ethereal, that it is not sufficiently grounded in common sense. The reader's imagination is made to fly with that of the author, through dim vistas of blue space, "most like some radiant cloud of morning dew."

All is stimulus and excitement; the nerves tingle; the quickened spirit leaps and scorns its earthly bondage. But when the effervescence passes off, the wine of imagination grows flat and stale; the reaction makes reprisal for such unnatural passion. With tired and flaccid energies, one asks, in exasperation, what there is in it after all. There is surely something unhealthy and abnormal, some fatal weakness, in poetry which so utterly fails to answer the demand for permanent joy and strength and consolation. One perceives in his writings a singular lack of that quality which has come to be called "sanity." His ideas are not, and never can be, acceptable to the mass of mankind. It seems that one who could write "*The Revolt of Islam*" must surely have been no man whose thoughts were the thoughts of the world at large, who was in sympathy with his age. And what is sanity but conformity to the average experience of men and truth to nature? These two things, then, Shelley lacks: knowledge and appreciation of the average experience of men, and also—I say it with doubt and misgiving—truth to nature.

An acquaintance with Shelley's life bears out the first assertion. He was virtually an exile from the world in which other men live. In one respect, this isolation did him good. It developed his strong individuality and nourished his peculiar idealism. Solitude is a great purifier. But it also, in his case, shut him off from a knowledge of men, and caused that strange want of human interest which detracts so much from his poems. In reading his observations on human life, we do not feel that he has the best right to make such remarks. But Wordsworth was not a man of the world. He was even more of a recluse than Shelley. How is it, then, that Wordsworth's criticism of life is so valuable? The difference is that Wordsworth gained a knowledge of man and a right to criticize man's life, from another source than mere association with men, and had readier access to that source than Shelly had. Wordsworth was an accurate observer of nature and had an intuitive

appreciation of her deep and hidden mysteries. One of these mysteries is her teaching about man. Now let it not be thought that Shelley was not a lover of nature. He was undoubtedly so, and most certainly appreciated nature, as far as he knew her. But here comes in the old difficulty. Shelley failed on the intellectual side. He was *not* a keen and accurate *observer* of nature. Hence, when he criticizes life from the standpoint of a mere lover of nature, he falls short of Wordsworth's high faculty.

We have already seen that his individuality gave his poetry such ideal beauty as, perhaps, no other modern poet has excelled; but it also warped his judgment and decreased his authority. He was a dweller in another sphere. He was consumed with passion for ideals which are too far off for present realization and too indistinct for ordinary vision to find them out, "pinnacled dim in the intense inane." Herein lies another of Shelley's defects as a critic of life. He imputed to all men ideals and passions which were his alone. He was carried away by love for what most men consider mere lifeless abstractions, and yet he wished to offer these abstractions to the embraces and caresses of others. With him, thought and imagination were all; fact was the great unreality. He was as foreign to the domain of facts as most men are to the realm of fancy. Sir Henry Taylor well says: "I would have no man depress his imagination, but I would have him raise his reason to be its equipoise. * * * Poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order." And this is the very charge that is brought against Shelley's work, especially his earlier poems. In the last three or four years of his life, his poetry came to have a more solid groundwork, a greater coherence, a deeper significance. "Julian and Maddalo," the "Ode to Liberty," "Adonais," and especially his great drama, "The Cenci," are replete with human interest. They are objective and natural, as "Alastor" and "The Revolt of Islam," not to

mention "Queen Mab," are subjective and unnatural. Most of his early lyrical poetry, too, is thin, feverish, complicated and unsound.

But it is hardly fair to demand that the work of a man who died at the age of thirty should exhibit Milton's intellectual depth or Shakespeare's scope and experience. It would probably never occur to any one to charge him with the want of these, if his excessive admirers did not claim too much for him. Perhaps, if he had been more of an artist, more calm, thoughtful, self-restrained, he would have been less of a man; and the world could as well afford to lose the influence of Shelley the poet as of Shelley the man. His was a sweet spirit; nothing can alter that. We may criticize the work of a boy for being immature, we must even protest against enthroning that boy as "the greatest English poet since Milton;" but let us all love him none the less for what he was and is.

Sunset after Rain.

THE sign of the "bow in the morning"
On the darkened western sky,
By tradition a "wet day's warning,"
Had flung its tints on high.

All day long have the rain-drops
Dripped from the roofs and trees,
Till the cloud-tipped peaks of the mountain
Are cleared by the evening breeze.

Along the edge of the forest
A fringe of gold is spread,
Which weaves with chestnut-blossoms
A fabric of precious thread.

From the topmost boughs in the orchard
Glad thrushes away and sing;
Like the morning's bow of promise
Is the message of love they bring.

Background in Fiction.

A FRIEND in conversation with William Black asked him, "Do you make notes of scenery, localities, and atmospheric effects?"

"Yes," he replied, "often very careful and elaborate notes, and especially in regard to atmospheric surroundings. If one does not correctly and completely frame a character or an incident with all the circumstances of the time and place, one gets only a blurred page. For example, one may say: 'It was a beautiful day.' But what kind of a beautiful day? It must be described so that the picture shall be truthful and finished. Every human being in real life has a background, and must have in a novel, if the story is to appear real to the reader." There are many distinguishing features, to which our attention has been directed from time to time, as being new outgrowths in the field of modern novel-writing; but none is more signally marked and strongly presented to the reader than this "backgroundism." The words quoted above are the recognition of one of the leading and characteristic elements that are entering into the novels of the present day, not a theory or trait of William Black's alone, but of many English and American writers. Can any reasons be assigned for the appearance of this new factor or phase in recent fiction? In the first place, that this is one of the forms which the realistic tendency of literature has adopted, is patent from the fact that nothing is more unreal than the "subtle interfusion of time and space," nothing more actual and true to life than to envelop the characters of the story in natural surroundings.

Of itself, this description does not produce the actual and the real, but it supplies the conditions and dress so essential to portray to the reader the circumstances which encompass every human being, and claims unconscious assent to the fact that a like scene has often been experienced in every

man's life. This artistic element requires less the exercise of the imagination than of the memory; or, rather, it would take up the scattered scenes of recollection and shift a new panorama before the "mind's eye." The value of this background as a mere description is worthless and unproductive of pleasure or thought, it is a meaningless collection of words, for it must have some living figure to mediate between nature and the reader's mind, it must have some interpreter to explain its presence, it must have some link or bond to obtain influence and attention and to awaken sympathetic feeling. Therefore, in this respect this atmospheric surrounding phase differs from that of the mere descriptive novel, in that it is a means to an end, it is the frame in which is placed the portrait; the object being not to describe some beautiful sunset or some grand mountain scenery simply because they are beautiful and grand, but in order to show how their beauty and grandeur form an effective background for the delineation of some character before us. The scenery of Scotland has been sketched more vividly and impressively by the pen of Scott than if presented by the artist on canvas. He was a master in this art; and equally skillful in penning the landscape or the royal apartments of kings and queens. Cooper, also, was a master word-painter, and no pen will ever be able to present the natural scenery of our country in more vivid and varied colors and with such picturesque effect. Irving knew how to steal the charms of nature for a Sleepy Hollow and imitate the lazy grace and peaceful beauty of a Spanish vista. Dickens never failed to pen delightful pictures. But among all these there is not present that mutual relation between scenery and character, that atmospheric contact and influence which we have declared to be a later element in fiction.

Is this the outgrowth of a popular demand? Are not the peculiar feelings attendant upon certain places and the varying effects of weather common experiences to everyone? The depression that accompanies a lowering, sunless sky,

that comes with the pattering raindrops and clouds and fogs, is no stranger to us than the joyous spirits produced by other agencies of nature. If we in real life owe so many of our mental changes and feelings to our ever-varying surroundings, why are the people in books not under the same influences? This new feature is, then, necessary to depict faithfully the many sides and aspects of life.

No author of to-day is more observant of the influence of natural phenomena than William Black. When we open a new novel from his pen we know that we shall shortly find ourselves in a "sunrise or a mist among the Scotch Highlands or watching extraordinary colors of sea and sky from the deck of a yacht beating off the Scotch coast."

Black knows what a train of thoughts is awakened by such a background as this: "By and by we saw the silver rim of the moon appear above the black line of the hills, and a pale glory was presently shining around us. As the white moon sailed up, this solitary cup in the mountains was filled with the clear radiance and the silence seemed to increase. The two women were walking up and down the deck: and each time Mary Avon turned her profile to the light, the dark eyebrows and dark eyelashes seemed darker than ever against the pale, sensitive face." Here is a bit of scenery that he conceived as inspiring a cheerful and friendly feeling. "First the heavy purple clouds showed a tinge of crimson, and then a sort of yellow smoke appeared close down at the sea. This golden vapor widened, cleared, until there was a broad belt of lemon-colored sky all along the edge of the world: and in this wonder of shining light appeared the island of Rum—to all appearance as transparent as the thinnest bit of gelatine and in color a light purple rose." None but an artist's eye could detect such varied and delicate tints. That these "meteorological and topographical" studies are not overdrawn and wearisome to the reader we are not at present considering. The main purpose of the scenic effects should be to aid in the development of character. Mrs.

Burnett understands the power and influences exerted by surroundings and employs them with good effect; as, for example, when Louisiana goes out to see the new house. "When they were all gone Louisiana went out into the front yard to look at it. She stood in the grass and leaned against an apple-tree. It was near sunset, and both trees and grass were touched with a yellow glow so deep and mellow that it was almost a golden haze. There was not a breath of wind stirring or the piping of a bird to be heard. The girl clasped her tender arms about the tree's trunk and leaned her cheek against the rough bark."

Mr. James is wont to pass the time of day with a common-place remark concerning the state of the weather, as, "The day was a lovely one; the weather was warm and charming." His characters have nothing in common with the weather. Mr. Howells cleverly sketches scenery, but does not recognize its influence on his characters. Again, Mr. Cable never forgets to tinge the thoughts and feelings of his people with their surroundings. He is never extended or wearisome in these descriptions; but they always accord with the tone and impressions that are to be imparted. When Raoul is left alone with his thoughts he is surrounded with a background of the "deep shade of a magnolia tree, over whose outer boughs the moonlight was trickling as if the whole tree had been dipped in quicksilver."

The effect produced by thus combining scenery and person is marvelous; it at once enlists our attention and sympathy; it adds a power and charm to the book which unconsciously delights the reader. But care must be taken, for it has become a habit with many novelists to take recourse in some fantastic, unreal description, in order to soar in a flight of flowery, high-sounding language which leaves no distinct impressions and bears no relation to the development of the story. The reader passes it as so much rubbish.

This is the great fault with "Bread Winners" and several recent novels of like character. The descriptions contained in them leave with the reader the impression that the authors believed that small doses of scenery should be administered for the benefit of the reader and not for the development of the character in the book. The atmospheric surroundings, the plot and the characters in a novel, should unite to form that perfect unity without which there follows that disjointedness and unnaturalness of action, devoid of simplicity and artistic workmanship.

Slight as this element may appear, it, notwithstanding, exerts a powerful influence, and its proper execution is one of the determinants as to whether the book shall "float or sink." Besides thus conveying truthfulness and reality in the delineation of character and in description, the expressive background draws forth a sympathetic, responsive reciprocity on the part of the reader, and by ascribing just and complete proportions and duly seeking effect, it combines in the work of fiction the faithfulness and beauty of a work of art.

Whig or Tory I Don't Know.

PART I.

ON A winter's evening in the year 1778, two people were slowly walking up and down a hillside lane near a small New England country town. The sun had sunk out of sight and a rich red after-glow was overspreading the sky and forming a beautiful, though perhaps incongruous, background for the fringe of black, bare-limbed trees which covered the crest of the hill. Further to the west, a few cattle huddled together out of the wind under the lea of a tall hay-stack, an old gray barn and a well, its long sweep pointing like a finger to the heavens and the whole standing in

outline against, and beautified by, the same crimson curtain, which was every minute growing narrower and narrower as the sun drew it down over his couch. To the east, the full moon had already risen over the distant Sound, and, shining through the branches of the elm trees that stood by the wayside, cast long shadows over the road and tinged everything with her pale radiance. High up in one tree sat an owl, just awake, silent as death and preparing for his nightly quest after prey. On him, too, the moonlight fell with beauty, giving even to the gloomy bird of darkness a touch of romance and silvery softness.

But little heed took the two principal figures in the landscape of the beauty of the scene. They were evidently two lovers bidding farewell, and time was too precious for them to notice anything but each other. The man, a handsome young fellow of twenty-five, was, from his dress, an officer in the Continental army; he wore a three-cornered hat, a riding-coat of blue faced with buff, nankeen breeches and high boots, and carried a whip in his hand. By his side stood a young girl, whose face, though seemingly clouded with grief and reproach, was beautiful and sweet. She was of medium height, with limbs small and well proportioned; her delicately-cut features were stamped with calm and repose, yet the hazel eyes, from out their long lashes, shot glances that told of a fiery, generous disposition. Each cheek was rosy red from exercise, and her thick brown hair was drawn high from the forehead and covered with the hood of a long red cloak, from under which, as she walked, gleamed the silver buckles on her high-heeled shoes. Suddenly the young man stopped in his walk, and, stooping, kissed her.

"Good-bye, Dorothy," said he; "the boats leave the harbor at sunset, and I should be there now."

"Stephen," answered the girl, "Must you go? must you fight against my king, against the cause my brother serves? Can't you stop even now? I have been a traitor—yes, a traitor—at heart ever since I promised to marry you. I have

betrayed my brother and my principles, all for the sake of you who oppose them both. Now I feel degraded, I feel false. I sometimes make up my mind to end it,—yet again I shall forget all that, I shall forget my duty and go on miserably loving a rebel against his King, a man my honor tells me is unworthy and calls on my weak heart to reject. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Her soft eyes belied her manner, but the expressive features showed how serious and earnest she meant the declaration to be.

"Ah, dearest," answered Stephen, "would I could make you see that my cause is right, that your honor might go with your heart and still be satisfied. May the day soon come when they shall be hand-in-hand."

He turned, and started quickly down the hill through the deepening twilight. Dorothy watched him as he went, her face, in its frame of brown hair and red hood, forming a beautiful picture as the moon fell on it. A tremor suggestive of tears ran round her mouth, she drew the cloak over her shoulders and walked silently along the lane to the farm-house at its foot.

Dorothy Sayre and her brother were orphans of a good old Tory family in Boston; they left the city on its capture. George enlisted in the King's American regiment, at present with Clinton, in New York; and Dorothy came to live with her uncle, the rector of the Episcopal Church in Fairfield, Connecticut. While there, she saw much of Lieutenant Stephen Eliot, commander of a small Continental fort on the coast near by, and one day woke up to find that with him she had fallen, unwillingly, unwittingly, in love. Unwittingly, for she was young and inexperienced; unwillingly, for he was a rebel, which to her had been till now the very personification of wickedness. Calm, mature, firm in one way, she was impetuous, unformed and unstable in another. Trusting implicitly, with generous, open-hearted belief, in those whom she loved, she would adopt their opinions enthusias-

tically and feel that honor required her to support and be true to them to the end. She came of a Royalist family; she dearly loved her only brother, an officer in the King's army; she had heard Tory talk all her life, and, as a result, became one of the fiercest little Tories that ever lived, hating and despising those wicked rebels whom she had never seen and knew nothing about. To find that she had surrendered her heart to one of these was a great mortification; what she thought were her principles, but what was in reality her pride, bid her resist. But love conquered, and she yielded to the pleadings of her lover, feeling as though she had betrayed a trust.

All went well for a time; Stephen had no active service to perform which would make his duty clash with her desires, and Dorothy was able to shut her eyes to the fancied inconsistency of her conduct, against which, whenever she thought on it, her proud spirit revolted. Honor and good faith required her not to listen to Stephen's arguments for the American cause, yet her nature was too kind and considerate to give him any indication of what was passing through her mind. But now, at last, it burst forth. For Stephen did not intend to let even his love for her interfere with any chance of service to the Thirteen States. And ever on the outlook for some such opportunity, he had decided to organize an expedition of the hardy, brave sailors in the little sea-port, and with three whale-boats, manned by these men, to row over the Sound at night, march across Long Island, and, in a sudden attack, capture some of the British officers stationed in command on the south shore. He knew the coast well, laid all his plans, and selected this night as the time for the attempt.

He had just explained to Dorothy the intentions of his departure, when the setting sun warned him to leave her, if he would return ere daylight gave the British cruisers a chance to interfere with a prosperous issue. And, while sense of duty prevented any hesitation, he was saddened, almost unmanned, by discovering so suddenly what were

Dorothy's feelings, for he felt sure that she was capable of sacrificing the dearest wishes of her heart should her Quixotic honor make the demand.

"But, perhaps, I can persuade her of my side of the question when I come back," thought he, more cheerfully, as he entered the boat.

White gleamed the sand and pebbles; weirdly the black waves tossed their caps under the moon as the three boats grated on the Long Island beach after their long row. The night wind stirring the tall reeds in the marsh and the cry of the heron now and then were all that broke the dead silence of the hour. The boats were dragged out on the strand and Stephen and his men started inland. Up sandy lanes they marched, high hedges on either side, through which, by the bright moonlight, they could see the bare brown fields extending far and near, past patches of leafless woodland, along the banks of frozen streams, till at last climbing a hill, from the top the Great South Bay like a sea of silver burst on their view, and the roar of the breakers struck their ears. Half way down the hill was the house where they knew the officers had their quarters; the sentry was dozing against the door, the lights were out and everything betokened a sense of perfect security. In a moment the house was surrounded, searched, and one officer captured before he had time to give the alarm. The others, said the sentry, were in the village carousing, and would not be home that night. As they left the house, Stephen narrowly scanned the prisoner who was walking between two sailors, gagged and with his hands bound. He was a fine-looking fellow, with an expression that seemed strangely familiar, but there was no time to ask questions. They must make for the Sound, for they would have only an hour's start of the guard which was to relieve the sentinel.

However, there was apparently no pursuit; they reached the boats in safety, and when they had pushed off, Stephen attempted to find out who the officer was, but in vain. He

tically and feel that honor required her to support and be true to them to the end. She came of a Royalist family; she dearly loved her only brother, an officer in the King's army; she had heard Tory talk all her life, and, as a result, became one of the fiercest little Tories that ever lived, hating and despising those wicked rebels whom she had never seen and knew nothing about. To find that she had surrendered her heart to one of these was a great mortification; what she thought were her principles, but what was in reality her pride, bid her resist. But love conquered, and she yielded to the pleadings of her lover, feeling as though she had betrayed a trust.

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Dorothy's feelings, for he felt sure that she was capable of sacrificing the dearest wishes of her heart should her Quixotic honor make the demand.

"But, perhaps, I can persuade her of my side of the question when I come back," thought he, more cheerfully, as he entered the boat.

White gleamed the sand and pebbles; weirdly the black waves tossed their caps under the moon as the three boats grated on the Long Island beach after their long row. The night wind stirring the tall reeds in the marsh and the cry of the heron now and then were all that broke the dead silence of the hour. The boats were dragged out on the strand and Stephen and his men started inland. Up sandy lanes they marched, high hedges on either side, through which, by the bright moonlight, they could see the bare brown fields extending far and near, past patches of leafless woodland, along the banks of frozen streams, till at last climbing a hill, from the top the Great South Bay like a sea of silver burst on their view, and the roar of the breakers struck their ears. Half way down the hill was the house where they knew the officers had their quarters; the sentry was dozing against the door, the lights were out and everything betokened a sense of perfect security. In a moment the house was surrounded, searched, and one officer captured before he had time to give the alarm. The others, said the sentry, were in the village carousing, and would not be home that night. As they left the house, Stephen narrowly scanned the prisoner who was walking between two sailors, gagged and with his hands bound. He was a fine-looking fellow, with an expression that seemed strangely familiar, but there was no time to ask questions. They must make for the Sound, for they would have only an hour's start of the guard which was to relieve the sentinel.

However, there was apparently no pursuit; they reached the boats in safety, and when they had pushed off, Stephen attempted to find out who the officer was, but in vain. He

remained deaf to all inquires and silent, looking consumed with anger and disgust. On through the night they rowed; the moon went down; there was darkness. Then rose the bright sun over the water, and by the time he was high in the heavens they reached land.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cable and the South.

IN LETTERS, as in the arts; in thought, as well as in material development, the North and East have continued to feel the lasting impression made upon them by their English models. But far to the Southwest, separated by almost impassible barriers of prejudice and divergent customs, made a part of a nation with which it never had any natural sympathy, there was developing a civilization as unique and un-English as the former was sombre and Puritanic. The delusive curse of slavery, the uncompromising belief in the justness of their own views, the ease and luxury of Southern life, were all moulding the character of the inhabitants. For over a century, the pride of European ancestry, the superstition of the negro, and the hatred for all aliens, were burning themselves into the fiery Creole mind, with an intensity that the bitter realities of later years have failed to entirely eradicate. All has now changed, and from the blurred and blackened records of the civil war there remains to us, in the form of a few cherished customs, only the faint sparks of that shadowy and unreal past. But the traditions and memories of that distinctive life still exist. It is, therefore, natural to expect that, from so rich a field, much of the coming American literature will get its theme. Here, at last, is an opening for an original literature; and, whatever else may be said, it is certain that it already has a representative in George W. Cable. One has finally appeared,

who, looking upon this wealth of material with an appreciative and sympathetic mind, has been able to unfold the beauty and the mistakes, the causes and the effects, of such a civilization.

It is impossible to say, in this brief sketch, all that can be said of the peculiar influences of birth and education, quickened by genius, that have enabled Cable to do what he has done. Nor can his work, outside of the realm of fiction, be entered upon. If an outline of his influence on the South, and his presentation and appreciation of her institutions, be given, along with a notice of his delicate yet forcible style, the rest must be left to the reader of his works, who will be repaid for all the care and study put upon them.

Unfortunately, Cable's works were not, at first, kindly received by the class they principally deal with. Indeed, they thought that an unkind critic had been playing fast and loose with their most sacred ancestral traditions. Their over-sensitiveness, however, has been made to feel the true spirit of kindness with which the reformer has come. Systematically, and in a pleasing manner, disarming prejudice, and showing between the lines his good intentions, he has honestly endeavored to benefit the South. His great underlying motive seems to be to give to the world a true account of Southern life, but, at the same time, to expose to the South its many failings. He does not, however, stop with the mere statement of defects. Means are suggested by which the problems that are crowding upon it may be successfully grappled with and solved. Though, as in "The Grandissimes," he deals with the New Orleans Creole at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there can yet be seen the application of "Louisiana rif-fusing to h-anter the Union" to the attitude of the Southern mind at the close of the war. When beaten and acknowledging its defeat, the South added to the horrors of the war the unnecessary cruelties of the reconstruction. The protest of Cable against such unreasoning stubbornness is strong and forcible. His

purpose is evident. To him it seems that the reconciliation of the people to their new lot will alone suffice to simplify matters. He endeavors to effect this, not so much by the sensational painting of the cruelty of masters, as by showing the many evils the dominant race has itself so deeply suffered from the curse of slavery. Of all the theories advanced by Cable, and there are many, there is one that strikes the key-note of the whole Southern question. Around it and dependent upon it, in all his graceful stories, are grouped the other conditions of life that have retarded the progress and development of the South. It is the illiteracy of the people, and its causes. The course of modern thought, starting in England and gradually spreading itself over this country, having for its central idea the belief in human rights, found the Southern people, by reason of a defective organization of society, unprepared for its reception. Caste had been pronounced right by them, therefore, caste must be right. Hence they declined to look at the world's literature. The result has been an armed aristocracy of ignorance ruling over a cowardly, servile, and more ignorant people.

Thus, in a manly and frank manner, he treats the peculiar social and political problems of his native State, though the treatment is applicable to most of the South. It matters not whether he is showing the absurdity of the "Code of Honor," or explaining the degradation of manual labor, describing the Creole, "patriotic and pathetic pride reveling in ancestral, perennial rebellion against common sense," or presenting their theories on the divine right of slavery, amidst all is seen the workmanship of a skillful artist and of a man who deeply appreciates the underlying principles involved in Southern civilization. It is not only in the spirit of criticism that he writes. What is beautiful or worthy of imitation in Southern life is not neglected. Its frankness and generosity is not left out. Its strength of character and fidelity to what it believes to be duty receive their first

praise. The world can learn something from the South, as well as the South much from the world.

His style conveys his lessons in the most pleasing manner. Vividness of description, wealth of figures and ease of expression, are prominent characteristics. A close observation of nature has enabled him to describe the peculiar Louisiana scenery, with its bayous, dismal swamps and subtropical growth, in a powerful and life-like manner which few have equalled. Whether you are strolling with him through the streets of Old or New Orleans, or traversing a network of passes and lagoons, riding through some old plantation or loitering under the trees of the Place d'Armes, you always enjoy the picture. Through all he leads you with a pleasant word, sometimes in a half humorous, half pathetic way, discussing the customs and manners of the time, or moralizing upon the status of the Creoles and present South.

His admirable delineations of personal character are very unlike the creations of some recent authors. The Creole lady, superstitious, yet cultured—something of a flirt, you may be inclined to think—seems a real character and not an ideal one. So rigorously polite is she in "The Grandissimes," as not to disagree with the blunt Frowenfeld, yet so unkind as to keep Honore for five minutes in a state of most excruciating suspense. But oftentimes mixed with the humorous, the descriptive or didactic are parts of real pathos and grandeur. In the tragic story of *Bras Coupé*, in "The Grandissimes," or in "Madame Delphine," as well as in "Old Creole Days," is seen that sympathy which Cable is said to have for the despised race. He could have selected no more effectual plan of improving and elevating the negro than this of engaging the sympathies of the dominant race, whom he believes are alone able to give the negro the best social and political position he is capable of taking. The power of his novels as stories, simply, lies in the picturesque phases of life with which they deal. Until recently he had

confined himself, in his novels, to Creole life; but in "Dr. Sevier," which promises to be one of his best works, we have a presentation of a phase of New Orleans life immediately preceding the war.

Nothing is more characteristic of him than the following, from the "Grandissimes:"

"As for us, our feelings, our sentiments, affections, are fine, keen, and delicate, and, many, what we call refined. Why? Because we get them as we get our old swords and guns and laces—from our grandsires, mothers, and all. Refined they are—after centuries of refining. But the feelings handed down to Clemence had come through ages of African savagery; through fires that do not refine, but that blunt and blast and blacken and char; starvation, gluttony, drunkenness, thirst, nakedness, dirt, fetichism, debauchery, slaughter, pestilence, and the rest—she was their heiress; they left her the cinders of human feelings. She remembered her mother. They had been separated in her childhood, in Virginia, when it was a province. She remembered with pride the price her mother had brought at auction, and remarked, as an additional interesting item, that she had never seen or heard of her since. She had had children of assorted colors,—had one with her now; the others were here and there, some dead, some within occasional sight, some not accounted for. Husbands—like the Samaritan woman's. We know she was a constant singer and laughter."

Whatever position Cable is destined to take, he will certainly be the authority for all future treatment of the Creole South. Few can hope to master the dialect as he has.

Louisiana is only a small portion of a rich field. The Cavaliers of Virginia, the Huguenots who found a refuge in the Carolinas, the Spaniard in Florida, are capable of furnishing their share of interest through the pen of a genuine author. The chivalry, romance and sentiments, necessary

to poets and writers of fiction, doubly necessary to counteract the growing materialism of modern thought, will find their best representation among the traditions and memories of the old Southern life. Is it likely that the last remnant of feudalism will fail to furnish to this country as many themes as that of Europe did to her poets and *litterati*?

Solitude.

AN ENDLESS ocean spreads before us,
Of communion true and deep,
And a thousand tones implore us
Join the strain and swell the chorus,
Striking chords that nature and the angels sweep.

I sink into the milder breathing
Of the whispered words of love,
All my soul and self unsheathing;
And the tide of passions seething
Sinks a mirrored surface for the stars above.

The summer's breeze that softly presses,
Gentle-fingered, cool and sweet,
Is still a touch of God's caresses,
Mingled forms that he addresses
To the silent soul that lingers at his feet.

I listen to the quiet sobbing
Of the dark eternal sea,
And hear its secret voices throbbing
Notes of patience, gently robbing
Life of half its gloom and bitterness to me.

William M. Baker.

LAST summer a man died whose career is peculiarly interesting to Princeton men, yet his death has scarcely been noticed here. Wm. M. Baker is the only novelist of any note that old Nassau has produced in all her long history. He deserves more than passing mention in these pages,

for he was one of the first writers for the *LIT.*, some forty years ago. A painful malady prevented his being very active in his chosen calling of the ministry, and he devoted much time to writing.

In his novel, "The New Timothy," he shows great power of character-sketching and description. Mrs. Likens (we beg her pardon, Mrs. *General* Likens,) reminds us of George Eliot's work. Her overwhelming volubility is too humorous to be tiresome. What can be more amusing than her barrels of poetry, as long as she does not get a chance to read it to us, or her conversation with Edward Burleson the afternoon on which he rode over to see John? But the book has a pathetic side. There are few sadder stories than that of Mrs. Merkes, the poor, worn-out wife of the soured preacher. The reader is filled with pity and anger as he hears her tell of her wretched life, feeling instinctively that he knows such who suffer on in dumb silence until

"Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching through the darkness,"

calls them home. The contrasts in the characters of Anna Burleson and Laura Wall, and Edward Burleson and Mr. Wall, Jr., are well brought out, the author using this method of contrast to teach the principal lessons of the story. One feature of the novel is very noticeable; although there is a considerable amount of love-making in the book, yet a love scene is never described, the reader being left to inference as to what was done or said. Thus, when Burleson takes John out riding for the express purpose of asking her to marry him, we are naturally interested. But they might as well have never ridden back into the story again, for all we know of what occurred. Again, we do not know of Wall's engagement to Louisiana until his aunt mentions it at the breakfast-table as a matter of course. The author may have considered this to be art, but it raises the question as to whether he is not afraid to

attempt this difficult species of description. But, in spite of this criticism, the book contains many fine thoughts and several pieces of descriptive writing that are admirable.

In 1880 a novel appeared in the "No Name Series" which took the public by storm, and in a short time ran through a dozen editions. "His Majesty Myself," is an exceedingly unique book. We perceive immediately that the author has taken an immense stride in the ten years since writing "The New Timothy." Let us illustrate, by one instance: In the earlier novel, after Burleson is in love with John, and Wall has become engaged to Louisiana, the young preacher discovers that he has mistaken his feelings, and that he really loves John, instead of Loo. Breaking his engagement, he goes at once to Burleson and bluntly announces the state of affairs. He then generously gives him one week in which to gain John, and leaves him in a rather astonished frame of mind, but coming gradually to the philosophical conclusion that, after all, "the blooming Loo" will suit him better. Thus the change is effected, in a manner which cannot but strike us as both unnatural and bungling. How much more naturally is the same process described in "His Majesty." Thirlmore likes Revel, while Trent is passionately in love with Peace. But a change is not brought about by an agreement to trade. The growth of intellect-worship in Peace; her aversion to Trent; the rise of her love for Thirlmore; Trent's deep pain; the springing up of his fondness for Revel; all these changes are developed gradually and naturally. They come about, not so much because the actors wish it, as because they cannot help it. The later story is better sustained throughout, from the skilfully written preliminary chapter, which describes, in a few pages, all the complicated events leading up to the main action, to that last scene which leaves Thirlmore lying under the tree, wondering what is to come next. The four persons mentioned above, together with Guernsey, the genius, are the principal characters. The story proper

begins in Princeton, where Thirlmore, Trent and Guernsey are classmates. Knowing that these were real persons, and that this part of the story is a vivid description of college life as it was here forty years ago, gives the book a peculiar charm for us. Thirlmore, "his majesty," was conceited, strong-willed, and arrogant. When they became acquainted with the Van Dyke's, it was natural that he and Peace should prefer each other. Her contempt for weakness, her mastery over self, her keenness of intellect, all charmed him greatly, making her the one being for whose opinion he cared. Their mutual influence on each other, through the remainder of the novel, is well described in the wonderful delineation of the development of their characters. That they could love each other as they should; that Thirlmore could love any one but himself, was impossible. So, when finally she had developed her intellect to the furthest point, and study grew stale; when she could find no relief in books, and had put religion too far away to find solace there; then her husband also failed her. Had Guernsey been other than the pure man he was, there is no telling what tragedy might not have been enacted when, at last, she turned to him; and, in that remarkable scene in which he reads her Tennyson's powerful poem, "sparing her not a line," they discover that they love each other. Guernsey is the boldest conception in the book. We do not agree with the many who have objected that he is unnatural. It is physiologically true that suffering could have the effect on the mind that it had on his. As Trent says: "Guernsey's terrible pain has done for him in advance what only death will do for the rest of us." It is through his keen insight that we understand much of the story which would otherwise be dark. But, alas! there is no genius to explain Guernsey to us. What does the author mean by establishing some mysterious connection between the brilliant genius and the ignorant country girl? Why does her picture ease the torture of his pain? The inference is that he was in

love with Aurora Ann; but what psychologist can explain it? It is hard to form an estimate of Guernsey. He is so brilliant, deep, and philosophical,—thoroughly understanding all the nobleness and meanness of human nature, yet loving and sympathizing with every one. He goes along with us, explaining the drama as it moves on, and is himself the most interesting part of it all. We own to a decided liking for the way in which the novel ends. So many authors bring their novels to a beautiful close, after the most inconceivable situations, that we ought to be thankful for the few who leave something upon which the reader can speculate. We are content to leave the fallen preacher lying upon the hillside, talking to his dog, and still asking "what comes next?"

Upon taking up "Blessed Saint Certainty," we are delighted to find that the story is told by Guernsey, the genius of "His Majesty," and are more than glad to meet again with Dr. Trent and his wife. But the opening chapters are disappointing in their exaggeration and improbability. The events which lead up to the main action are not handled with half the skill shown by the author in the corresponding part of the former book. As the story proceeds, however, the development of character in Ross and Persis becomes intensely interesting. They were both reared amid the savage, rude surroundings of the Southwestern reservation. Ross spends a few years at Princeton, but is expelled for having a row with some tutors in Old North, and gradually becomes a skeptic and a pessimist. Becoming interested in Persis, the poor, freckled little country girl, he falls in love with her. And she, not dreaming of his feelings, yet worships him, and is consumed by a desire to make herself such a woman as he must admire. The Rebellion breaks out, and Ross enters the army, while Persis and her friend Rachel go to pursue their studies in the Eastern city in which Dr. Trent is located. Persis, in time, becomes a teacher noted for her culture and learning, urged

on ever by her love for Ross. And he, taking darker and darker views of life, still clings to her as the one thing worth living for. The war leaves him a ruined man. But in another State he builds himself up again, and is sent to Congress, and takes the opportunity of visiting the girls for the first time in all the years since they had left their old home. He goes back, however, without having declared his love for Persis; although it is well known. A few chapters more, and Persis breaks down from excessive study. About the same time, Congress adjourns, and Ross comes to visit Guernsey. But the girls, having been sent into the country for rest, he has to wait several weeks to see them. In the meantime he goes to hear all the great preachers, meets many notable men, and his disgust with mankind is only deepened. At last Persis returns, and they are sitting face to face. Each is bound up in the other's love; but they talk of indifferent matters. He speaks in his reckless way of what he has seen in the great city, denouncing its institutions and culture. He is seized with a "very devil of teasing;" and she, weak and unstrung, breaks into a torrent of reproaches and rushes from the room in hysterical laughter and tears. Of course, he curses himself for a fool; and, after trying in vain to see her, goes back to his Southern home more pessimistic, and more in love, than ever. Then follows the pathetic story of his sickness and visit to his old home. The degradation of his once cultured mother; his hard, hopeless life, and the weariness of it all, overcome him, and he attempts suicide, just as his friends reach him. The story closes with Persis' nursing her lover back to life and hope. As a character study, Governor Beauchamp is a splendid piece of work, and the chapter on Christmas is a fine specimen of description. But the chief interest lies in the subtle analysis and delineation of character, the development of the minds of Ross and Persis.

It seems to me that Baker's work, as a whole, is not artistic. He is far from being a master of diction, and in every

chapter can be found crudities which surprise us; long parentheses, grotesque allusions and speculations. "His Majesty" is the most perfect piece of work he has done, but it is far from what it should be. In the main, his stories are poorly put together and incomplete. But nevertheless, he has strong and original ideas to set forth which are well worth hearing. He understands mankind, and in spite of his poor style, we think that much of his work will last for many years to come.

Voices.

WE HEAR but little of past college incidents and customs. This is especially true in regard to Commencement Day. How changed it is since the eighteenth century! Let us listen to the voice which is eager to acquaint us with the novel side of the ceremony. The first Commencement was held at Newark, November 21st, 1748. The President opened the afternoon exercises "by an elegant oration in the Latin tongue, delivered *memoriter*." Afterwards Mr. Daniel Thane ascended the rostrum, and "in a modest and decent manner addressed himself in becoming Salutations and Thanks to his Excellency and the Trustees, the President and whole assembly; all which being performed in good Latin, from his memory, in a handsome and oratorical manner, in the Space of about half an Hour." In 1760, "the singing of an Ode on Peace, composed by the President, concluded the whole, to the universal Pleasure and Satisfaction of a numerous Auditory." This singing of odes marks the first introduction of music to enliven Commencement week. The Commencement of 1762 closed with a poetical entertainment given by the future A. B's. It was entitled

"The Military Glory of Great Britain." President Tuttle, of Wabash College, said: "The careful reader of this poetical drama will be convinced that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are in no danger from this competitor." The account of the exercises in 1764 reads like a Latin author, and might, perhaps, bring variety into the classical department, if introduced as a text-book. But we close our eyes and pass it by. In 1814 an interesting incident occurred. Major-General Winfield Scott, "with wounds still fresh and laurels yet unwithered," was being conveyed through Princeton on Commencement Day. The Trustees and Faculty sent a deputation, who bore him, "almost by main strength," to the platform. "The intelligence, beauty and fashion of a wide circle of the country united in clamorous greetings to the young wounded soldier (bachelor)." The valedictorian, by a few slight changes in his oration, gave it a personal application to General Scott, and was greeted with storms of applause, amidst which the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the illustrious soldier.

In 1843 the Annual Commencement was changed from September to June, to prevent "the tumultuous and even bacchanalian excesses indulged in by a large number of the '*profanum vulgus*,' after harvest time," a scandal to the fair fame of orthodox, theological Princeton. In 1807 the following rule was adopted by the Board:

Resolved, That no person be permitted to erect any booth or fix any wagon for selling liquor or other refreshment on the day of Commencement on the grounds of the college, except on that part of the road to the eastward of the middle gate of the front campus, and that this Board will pay for the expense of carrying this resolution into effect.

Dr. Maclean also tells us that "eating and drinking, fiddling and dancing, playing for pennies and testing the speed of their horses, were the amusements in which no small numbers of those assembled on such occasions were wont to indulge; and that when a lad, the writer once witnessed a bull-baiting on the campus while the exercises were

going on in the church." No one stopped the cruel sport, which consisted in fastening a bull by the horns to the old cannon (where it now stands) and setting dogs upon him. All this, we are told, was changed by putting Commencement in June. In connection with the above incident, we read with interest a resolution by the Trustees :

Resolved, That the Steward shall not supply the students with Cyder, but may substitute small beer.

What glorious days! Can you imagine them? I cannot. Picture such a Commencement next June. The campus turned into a fair-ground; a bull-fight on the back campus, while dancing goes on in front of North; the lassies and laddies from all the country round laugh and talk at the refreshment booths; the steward distributes small beer among the students, and all repair to the church for dessert of Latin salutations and odes occupying half hours. *O tempora! O mores!*

"THE age of chivalry is gone." Ah! Mr. Burke, had you ever been fortunate enough to have visited the Polo Grounds, on some fine fall day, when the great struggle between Princeton and Yale was in progress, that famous line of yours had been left unwritten. Chivalry! Was not chivalry the exercise of manly sport and the hard struggle for supremacy on the dusty field before the eyes of ladies fair? Is not the most vivid picture we have of those

"Days of old,
When knights were bold,
And barons held their sway,"

the one which old Sir Walter has left us of the tournament at Ashly? What matters it that the presence of no nameless knight lends an air of mystery to the occasion? What

matters whether the fight is for a steel and goodly armor, or for a leathern ball? The essentials are all present. Let us get to the grounds early. Only a few eager ones are present, discussing the merits of the respective teams. The spectators begin to arrive in pairs and groups. The long tiers of seats are filling up, and bright ribbons and fair laughing faces begin to show in the grand-stand. Now the long blast of a horn is heard, and an immense coach, drawn by six prancing horses, and full of ladies and their escorts, dashes down one side of the field. Orange-and-black flags wave from it; heavy festoons of the same colors hang along the sides; and as it comes to rest the horn peals again a long, defiant blast. Still others follow, some wearing the blue of Yale, others the oriole colors; and yet another, draped in the crimson folds of Harvard. Now the seats are filled with thousands of students, from a score of colleges. The grand-stand and upper balconies are filled with beauty and color. Old men, too, gather round, and talk of the contests of their day, years and years before. At last the laughter and conversation cease, and a mighty cheer goes up from the multitude as the teams run out, kicking the ball before them; the great, strapping fellows, in the blue and white; the well-knit, sturdy warriors, in the uniform of the royal Bengal. The indiscriminate cheering ceases, and from the different groups goes up the ringing slogan of the Princeton boys, and the rattling cheer of the Yale giants. The pyramids of humanity on the coaches take them up, and with their blazing flags keep time to the shoutings. Handkerchiefs flutter; shouts of encouragement are uttered; bright smiles cheer the contestants on. It is not our purpose to describe the game. That has been done to perfection, by another. But mark the breathless silence that falls over all when, at some critical point, we know not who has the advantage. Or the intense eagerness with which every one leans forward and watches the try-for-goal. The ball sails up, describes a beautiful curve, and drops over the goal-post. The strain is over,

and in an instant the cheers ring out from hundreds, while other hundreds sit in blank dismay. The game, at last, is over. The audience rush upon the field, and bear the victors about on their shoulders. There a big fellow, his clothes torn and his face bleeding, but with the light of victory in his eye, waves his cap to a fair one in the balcony, who has been eagerly watching him. Ivanhoe and his Rowena. The great crowd slowly streams away. The coaches roll off into the city, and the windings of the horns die in the distance. The students straggle back to their bookish haunts, there to tell their less fortunate fellows of the great game, and by winter fires to tell over again and again the deeds of prowess of each particular hero.

FOR several days past the discussion of the "New Athletic Regulations" has been hotly waged on all sides. Though many consider them remarkably just, and are disposed to accept them in good part, yet the many cry out, "We cannot play Yale, therefore, down with the regulations." But it seems to me there is another side to this story, which should be seriously considered. For several years there has been a certain tendency of college athletics towards professionalism. Trained by professional coaches, the men have adopted a professional style of "doing things," and have put away, at least for the present, the old-time courtesy which formerly marked college sports. I do not propose to discuss the question as to whether by contact with professionals, the student suffers either in morals or manners. This is a point upon which men differ. But look at the question in the light of necessity. Why must we have a professional coach and play professional games? There was a time when such arrangements were never thought of. Yet, college games were as hotly contested and proved as interesting

and exciting to the spectator as they do now. I might say, with truth, that they were even more exciting, for the game was not confined to "battery play," as it has been for the last year or so. Under this state of affairs Princeton always had her share of the honors. Since this was so, why not return to the old *regime*, for that is where the "New Regulations" virtually place us. All will be on an equal footing, and under such conditions Princeton can surely maintain, if she does not better, her former record. What more curious anomaly can be found than for gentlemen, "in the presence of a howling mob, to battle with professionals for the supremacy?" But, says a friend at my side, "We play those games for practice, to enable us to beat Yale. We cannot get this practice from other college nines." Why not? I notice that Amherst and Brown have each beaten us, at least one game, within the last two years. There is no use for Princeton to account for her defeats on the score of accident.

Every other defeat might be accounted for in the same manner. The fact remains that other colleges, besides Yale, too frequently capture a ball from Princeton. But, says another, "Even if we do get practice there is no fun in playing unless we can meet Yale, and this we cannot do, for she *won't* come into the association under the new regulations." I am exceedingly inclined to doubt this latter assertion. There are but three courses open for Yale to pursue in this matter. First, agree to the regulations and join the association. Second, have no connection with the association and go on a starring tour with professionals; or, third, give up athletics altogether. This last, we all know, she will never do, for many of her students are attracted and held within her walls by the mere knowledge that she holds the championship in base-ball or foot-ball. Such possessions would have the same effect in any college. This is all very well, while she contends with college teams; but, when it is known that she is debarred from playing with other col-

leges, and that all her dealings are with professionals, what will her boasted supremacy in athletic sports amount to, and how long will public opinion sustain her course of action? Yale may be stubborn, but it seems to me she will be forced to adopt the first measure, that is, accept the new regulations. If she does not, the Harvard-Yale boat race—to win which a Yale man would give his last dime, will be a thing of the past. She will no longer be allowed to compete for inter-collegiate honors upon the track, between the goals, nor on the diamond, and she will soon be pilloried as an example of idiotic conservatism.

WHY should not poetry receive more attention at Princeton? True, we occasionally see in the *Princetonian* very creditable verses bearing on college matters, and some of a broader character in the pages of the "LIT.," but they are few and represent, perhaps, only four or five persons in college.

Whatever productions have appeared are but indicative of greater capabilities. No one looks for the very highest type of poetry from a college student, and we believe that every form that appears in our papers is read with real appreciation. A would-be critic in the *Harvard Advocate* excludes from college journals and magazines all verses excepting those of "college interest." This field seems to us unduly narrow. There have been in our papers poems of broad and general scope, which show true poet insight, and their authors should be encouraged to continued efforts in this line. Is there not a chilling atmosphere surrounding the college, unfavorable to all attempts in the poetic vein? Men who succeed fairly well in essay-writing are highly commended, while the timid verse-maker receives little or no encouragement. As a consequence, few are willing to make the attempt with the prospect of being called "Ama-

teur Swinburnes"—or something worse. For this reason the competition for the Baird prize in poetry has hitherto been anything but spirited. May there not be an improvement in next year's class? Surely Princeton has been long enough a literary center to afford some, at least, of the inspiration that Cambridge imparts to her students. In a college of true literary character there should be numerous contributions to the magazines, not only of humorous verses pertaining to "college-life," but also those of serious and higher import. Increase in this department marks a step in literary development. We feel assured that such a growth would be the means of raising the college and the college magazine to a higher plane of excellence, and of affording renewed interest to the many readers of college literature.

IN COLLEGE, more, perhaps, than in any other literary field, one is often compelled to doubt the honesty and originality of some productions. The temptation is so great, and the minor transformations of text so easy, that many are unintentionally led to do that which their better judgment would tell them is wrong. Rarely, if the proper precautions are used, is the change detected. Even if suspected, nothing can be proved; and none care enough about the matter to attempt the discovery of the offender. While reading some of the articles which occasionally appear in all college papers, one comes abruptly across sentences, clauses, or even whole paragraphs, which so transcend and surpass in the purity, culture and evident maturity of diction, all that precede and follow, that he is forced to the conclusion that it must have been "cribbed."

Plagiarism is not only dishonest, but also, from necessity, is highly injurious to the cultivation of an original literary style. Originality of style and theme is rare, and in no place

rarer than in college periodicals. Now there is a legitimate imitation of style. One can read after an author, and become so saturated with his peculiarities of expression that, as soon as he puts his pen to the paper, he unconsciously expresses himself in the same general way. Sentences are constructed on a similar plan, and idioms, when met with by the reader, are recognized as old acquaintances. Against this, nothing can be said. In fact, the faculty of being able to do this legitimately, and within proper bounds, is to be praised. Thus a style, elegant and pure, is cultivated. But, when going beyond this, we step into the province of other minds, and, not content with using their thoughts and methods, appropriate to ourselves the author's very words, we are plagiarizing. We are borrowing without crediting. We are taking as a thief takes.

We have heard of a minister, who, a second time, wrote a sermon on a certain text, not knowing that he had ever done so before. He was greatly surprised when, long afterwards, he found he had substantially reproduced the original sermon. There have been, also, those forgetful people, who really thought they were giving their own words when they were, in fact, speaking those of some one else. Yet this excuse cannot be made for men who manufacture an essay from several books, and with a peculiar power, worthy of a better cause, cement passages from various authors into one seemingly harmonious whole. The *LIT.*, in giving the names of its contributors, therefore, not only increases interest in the articles themselves, but has reduced, in a great measure, the tendency to plagiarize.

THE two spicy articles entitled "The Student at the Breakfast Table," which were published some time since in the *LIT.*, have given rise to a few reflections. Of what does our conversation at the table consist? We drop from consid-

eration the first meal of the day, as that is usually curtailed by force of circumstances. During first and third terms we are wide awake with athletic zeal. Foot-ball and base-ball games naturally and properly form the staple of discussion, for this is something with which nearly every student is in sympathy. College men and Rugby boys alike become enthusiastic over a well-made goal or a three-base hit. Second term, however, possesses none of this interest, and everyone falls to complaining about new Faculty regulations regarding gratuities, leaving town, athletic restrictions and the like, filling in every pause with a generous amount of banter and nonsense, which, while good in moderation, grows tiresome in the long run. Since, then, these are the topics of discussion, how much real, useful knowledge do we get at our oft-repeated meetings around the friendly board? Now, the hours we spend at club should be regarded as so many hours of recreation; but is there nothing besides nonsense and athletics that can afford enjoyment to men whose taste for literature and politics has begun to develop? We have no sympathy with those who would discuss mathematical problems and examination papers at table; rather, the more class-room work is laid aside at such times, the better for all concerned. But let the table-talk turn on some popular topic, the latest magazines, new publications, books that we happen to be reading, and political interests of the day.

A digest of the day's news, gleaned from the papers and given by some member of the club, is a plan that has already met with success. If quibbles we must have, let them be on the use of some new word or phrase which will at once call for some original thought and turn the mind into new channels. But, at all events, let us add to the "Autocrat's" three requirements—"plenty to eat, good company and a napkin"—a fourth, as important as these, intelligent conversation.

Editorials.

NO TRIBUTE of ours can in proper measure express the loss which we all, as students in this college, feel we have sustained in the death of Prof. Arnold Guyot. We reverence his memory, not only because he was a great and famous man of science and a devoted teacher, but because, in all his intercourse with those whom he instructed, he was earnest, kind and loving. "A strong mind or a cultivated mind may challenge respect; but there is needed a noble one to win affection." Few, if any, of us ever sat under Dr. Guyot's teaching, but his influence all felt and acknowledged. The memory of his simple greatness will never fade or grow dim in Princeton.

THE BACK volumes of the LIT. are a curious study. We spent an afternoon recently in rummaging among the magazines of forty years ago, and were richly repaid for the labor. The volumes for the first ten years are not complete in the collection owned by the college library, but Mr. Vinton hopes to secure the remaining numbers from old graduates. A few facts in regard to some of these earlier productions may be of interest to our readers. It is hoped that in our March number we may be able to present a short history of the LIT. and of its less enduring predecessors. If any of our readers can give information which cannot be obtained from the magazines themselves, such as the names of editors and contributors, which, strange to say, are not printed in the earliest copies, we would be glad to make use of it. Several gentlemen of '85 are at present engaged in making a collection of Princeton undergraduate poetry, chiefly from the LIT., which they intend to publish in neat

form. We wish them all manner of success. Their undertaking is a good one, though laborious. The Nassau muse had a more tuneful lyre of old than she has now, or, at least, she used it more frequently, and scarcely a number of the LIT. came out during the first twenty years of its existence without two or three poems. Occasionally one discovers a gem well worth rescuing. Such, for example, are "To the Home of All Living," in the March number of 1855, and "The Resolution," in 1847, which latter poem, by the way, strikes us as being familiar. Let us hope, however, that the ancients borrowed from the LIT. and not the LIT. from the ancients. In the November number of 1854 is the following "Epigram on a Young Lady with Red Curls:"

"All thy curls are winding stairs,
Where my passion nobly dares
To mount higher still and higher,
Though the staircase be on fire."

IT IS to be hoped that the college will bear in mind that we have *decided* to put a crew on the water this year. Since this decision has been made in good earnest, in a representative mass-meeting, it should be backed up by the enthusiasm of every man in college and by the periodicals which are supposed to represent the prevailing sentiment. We approved of the original point raised by the *Princetonian*, namely, that the first mass-meeting was not representative; and we approved also, in the main, of its method of advocating what it believed to be the opinion of the majority. And there is little doubt that if a vote had been taken two weeks before the second mass-meeting, the majority would have gone against boating. But the ill-advised manner in which the canvass was carried on by the opponents of boating, and the fact that its advocates descended to personal arguments, turned the tide, and the result is that a

crew goes on the canal. This being the case, it is the duty of all to support boating in every way possible. It will doubtless be no easy matter for the *Princetonian* to go heart and soul into the campaign, and we do not wonder at its present lukewarm interest in all things aquatic; but the only course that will show its dignity and at the same time put nerve into our oarsmen, is a hearty forgetfulness of the past and a warm expression of the will of the majority, which is that Princeton shall row and win.

MR. WARNER'S four lectures on "Literature and Life" will not soon be forgotten. They were just what we needed. They came as a most salutary sequel to Mr. Arnold's lecture, which was virtually on the same subject, or, at least, in the same spirit. It is needless to say that there are many of us whom Mr. Arnold did not reach, and many others who, as might have been expected, took umbrage at his method; but Mr. Warner had more time in which to make his meaning clear and was careful to appeal to all sorts of minds. His sarcasm against the Philistine spirit was so guarded and softened that even the Philistines among us might laugh at cartoons in which they themselves figured.

The mere practical spirit cannot be too much decried among college men. Certainly in a college community, if nowhere else, the value of ideas in and for themselves should be appreciated; and it is for his fine presentation of this fact that we would thank Mr. Warner. It must be admitted that a large proportion of those now in college came here in order to acquire facilities for worldly success, for money-getting. The few whose chief object is idea-getting and idea-propagating, have a hard struggle against the materializing tendency of the majority, even here. Then, what will be the conflict in the outer world, where the man who lives

for ideas is looked down upon somewhat as is the "poet-chap" to whom Mr. Warner introduced us? Would that everyone of us might have the first lecture and the close of the fourth of that series tacked up on the wall of his room as a "silent comforter." It would remind us of our privileges.

When he spoke of the relation of college men to the advance movement in the intellectual development of this country, Mr. Warner touched upon a subject which should be of special interest to us all. There is a grand mission for the educated young men of the land, if they keep their minds free from prejudice and avarice and partisanship. And nothing so emancipates the mind as acquaintance with literature. In view of this fact, we welcome with great hopefulness the signs of a revival of interest in literature and literary work that are now showing here. It is safe to say that the literary spirit of the college is higher and stronger now than for at least three years past. Such an awakening, if such there be, among the undergraduates will find expression through the pages of the LIT., for it must be remembered, *legere et non scribere est dormire.*

Literary Gossip.

IN THAT rare and curious old book, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," is a sub-section entitled "Love of learning, study in excess, with a digression on the misery of scholars and why the muses are melancholy." Being fully aware of the profound truth involved in Solomon's decision, that much study is a weariness to the flesh, your Gossip spent several hours in the studious lamp-light on a recent Saturday evening in fortifying his firm conviction on this point, by a careful examination of Burton's account of "the peculiar fury which comes by over-much study." "Many men," he says, quoting an ancient authority, "come to this malady by continual study and night-waking, and of all other men, scholars are most subject to it, and such as have commonly the finest wits." The lazy old Gossip was becoming overbold by the contemplation of these facts, when a deputation from a certain literary club dragged him from the magical old volume, in whose depths he was steeping himself, and haled him forth to join their midnight orgies.

There are six of us. We constitute a club which has the euphonious title of "The Pollers' Saturday Night." We convene at an unearthly hour, when all good, peaceful souls are wrapped in sleep, for the purpose of letting loose any stray ideas which we may have impounded during the week, and also to allow our tired brains to cool off gradually for Sunday. By a singular coincidence—or perhaps it is a little delusion of our own—we exemplify in our persons the several types of the literary man in college.

There is the Critic. He is our theorist. He can account for the development of every literary school that ever existed; he can apply the terms "subjective" or "objective" to any piece of fiction you please; he can project the firmament of letters for a century to come. He will declaim for hours on the rise and fall of New England literature, and put his finger on the precise spot on the map where the next poet will be born.

Another member is the Poet, familiarly known as the Nassau Muse. But his name and character are so sacred and the functions of his divine office so hallowed, that it would be sacrilege to speak of him in such light terms as those which describe the Critic. Suffice it to say that the "poor poet-chap" receives more honor from his fellow-clubbers than members of the poetic guild generally get in the cold, cold world.

The musty Antiquary next appears—a stooping, near-sighted, sweet-natured old fellow, the most easily gulled man in the college. He is at present engaged in rescuing Princeton literature from the maw of forgetfulness (see derivation of *vergessen*). The lives of all our literary alumni have long been the subject of his toil. He actually enjoys Freneau. He is quite hilarious only when spouting Leland's "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," and got up a party recently to go to Philadelphia when Barrett was acting in Boker's "Francesca da Rimini." Just at present he is breaking his heart to collect certain old volumes of the *Chameleon*, the *Nassau Monthly* and the *Nassau World*.

Our Philosopher is a person of great dignity and some worth. He merits more than passing notice, for he is a type of not a few men now in college. Of course, being a philosopher, he migrated here from an Ohio college, to enjoy the benefits of the school of philosophy. He elects everything ending in ology and yearns for more. He originally intended to try for the mental science fellowship, but owing to "the thronging doubts engendered in an age like ours—an age when agnosticism flourishes like the almond-tree, and the spirit of inquiry is abroad" [an extract from the Philosopher's preliminary J. O.]—he has wrapped himself up in a "selfish eclectic subjectivism," [another extract,] and chooses rather to "wander in Promethean agony over the fallen pillars of the temple of faith, scorning to be held longer by the leading-strings of a conservative dogmatism" [another extract]. Poor fellow, he has his little group of admirers now; he is in his glory on chapel stage; but the world, alas! will not be, for many months longer, a mere child's playhouse for him to tear down and build up.

And, last of all, we have a Child-of-Light. Let us say for his credit that he has really much of the amenity, the broadness, the gentleness of spirit and the habit of generalization which go so largely into the make-up of a cultivated man. He is not a Philistine. So many who profess to be children of the light and lovers of it are really Philistines in disguise that it is very delightful to meet a Child-of-Light, in whom there is no guile. Yet our particular Child-of-Light, the one who belongs to the "Pollers' Saturday Night," rather overdoes the business. He is an intellectual dude. He and the Philosopher form a coterie notable for affectation, and rather dreaded by the rest of us, when they get on their high horse. Emerson and the Over-Soul are all well enough on occasion, but this pretty pair give them to us *ad nauseam*. Their compassionate smile is ever ready for the follies of their friends; and their quiet glance of mutual understanding and sympathy is somewhat exasperating to all of us. They get all the good they can out of a college course. Oh, yes! they take advantage of their opportunities. The Philosopher elects biology in order to investigate evolu-

tion, and clamors for an optional in the logic of the syllogism, while the Child-of-Light still attends art lectures in the old chapel and still studies the angels in the new. He never will debate any question with the rest of us, because we cannot appreciate his transcendental way of reasoning. He despises facts; he worships feeling. But he will get over all this in a few months, and it will do him good in the long run.

On entering the room where our revel was to be held, the Antiquary sidled up to Gossip and made him tell all about the "Anatomy of Melancholy." The Gossip had brought the book along with him, thinking to read some choice selections from it, for the benefit of the Child-of-Light, who, he knew would be most wholesomely shocked by Burton's hearty Saxon manner of saying course things. But the poor old Antiquary got hold of it, and coddled up by the fire, and was not much heard from for the rest of the night.

The Critic had the floor, and kept it bravely for the space of half an hour. He was riding his favorite hobby. His peroration was as fine a piece of oratory as the Club had enjoyed for some time, and was heartily applauded. It ran as follows: "The same number of the *Atlantic Monthly* used to hold within its covers the illustrious names of Hawthorne, Bryant, Thoreau, Emerson and Longfellow. Where are they now? Gone. Why does not Shakespeare rise in Chaucer's cradle? Why have that group died out and left no successors? Can the fire burn when the coals are scattered? Can the fire be lighted without a match? The reason why literature arose in New England was that the people were stirred by a great spiritual movement fifty years ago, which loosed the fetters of their tongues. But the creative era there has passed away already. It was too circumscribed. There will some day be a grander revival of letters in the South and West. The South, by reason of its intense self-consciousness, its close self-scrutiny, is bound to produce novelists and poets who shall focus all that interest and give it burning power. The literature of the West will be great for a precisely contrary reason, namely, its utter unconsciousness and freedom from tradition." Thus he ended, having said nothing, as the Philosopher sarcastically whispered to the Child-of-Light.

But the Poet seemed deeply touched. He had followed the eagle's flight and now stumbled on the egg. With glowing cheeks and agitated voice, he exclaimed, in all the innocence and enthusiasm of his young heart: "And all this glory must be fostered here. In Princeton must this grand revival start." But, as you see, he was talking in pentameters, so the caustic Philosopher ruled him out of order, one of our regulations being that the poet should be limited to one poem each evening, and the poor boy having already delivered one. The result of this

interruption was that the modest fellow lost his equanimity and blushed crimson and spoke no more, either in prose or verse, until just before the party broke up.

This occurred shortly, for the Gossip, on going to the window to avoid a long dissertation by the Philosopher, discovered the first faint flushes of rosy dawn, and, throwing open the casement, heard the distant music of chanticleer in some sleeping farmer's barn-yard, miles away toward the East. Solemnly he greeted the Sabbath morning with those sweet words of the holy Herbert:

"O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way."

Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

THE winter term presents a marked contrast to the other two. In the fall and spring, athletics have their boom. During the winter, some attention is supposed to be devoted to literary subjects. It is hard, nevertheless, to wholly eradicate the subject of athletics from the student mind. Accordingly, during the winter term, the athletic contests of the past season are re-fought—on paper. An interesting exhibition of journalistic prowess is now going on between Wesleyan and the Univ. of Michigan. Pennsylvania has, also, in this way, won the aquatic championship. The chief merit of these paper contests, lies in the fact that they are never attended with personal injury. Indeed this way of gratifying intercollegiate rivalry is so harmless and innocent that it ought to satisfy even the Harvard faculty or our own. In truth, if only athletic contests could be confined to college journalism, the elimination of the professional element, which is now so objectionable an element, could easily be accomplished. Foot-ball would then be free from brutality, and base-ball games would not require absences from college. Besides, actual defeat, which is so disagreeable a feature of athletics, as at present conducted, would then be impossible. Perhaps it was with the intention of reducing athletics to this

harmless state that the intercollegiate athletic resolutions were adopted. The fact that Harvard and Yale stand directly opposed on this matter, the one advocating the new and the other the old order of things, has led to a lively controversy, as may be seen from the following from the *Advocate*:

"If Yale had been willing to join the other colleges in excluding professionals from student athletics, the whole question of professionalism might, nominally at least, have been speedily and satisfactorily settled. Why did Yale refuse? The first impulse is to attribute her refusal to that form of conservatism which amounts to stupid obstinacy. But a much better reason may be given. During the last few years almost all the more prominent institutions of learning in this country have made remarkable progress, both in the advantages offered by them and in the number of their students. Now, although Yale has grown, she has not grown as fast as other institutions; and her relative position is not as commanding as it was ten years ago."

The above, which touches Yale in a sore point, the *News* characterizes as "worthlessness;" says the "reasoning is made up of weakness," etc. In view of the *Courant's* statement, that the Yale nine has not had a professional trainer for two years, and does not propose to have one this year, Yale's attitude on this question is hard to understand, unless we adopt the *Advocate's* theory, for certainly her opportunities for practice, outside of professional teams, are at least as good as those of the colleges who, notwithstanding they are Yale's chief rivals, have adopted the resolutions.

At Oberlin, we learn from the *Review*, there is an urgent demand for a police force. Hitherto, all the bad elements in the town have been held in check by the mystic influence of the "ladies." In answer to the question: "How are all these students kept in order?" we are told the reply was: "We have ladies in the institution." The demand for police seems now to arise from the fact that there is a large portion of the town which is not brought under this refining influence. The *Oberlin Review*, notwithstanding the obvious advantages for the creation of light literature arising from the co-ed. editorial board, presents an exceedingly sombre table of contents. A literary article entitled "Learning to See," and another on the oratorical contest, with numerous divisions and sub-divisions, four or five columns of local items, comprise the number before us. Is this the result of co-education, to annihilate the Muse? If so, then let our own little "Annex" be at once abolished.

The January Yale *Lit.* is more than usually heavy. The leader, entitled "College Men in Business," argues that, while the professions are becoming more and more crowded each year, in commercial pur-

suits there is a broad and inviting field for college men. The article is strongly written, presenting many of the well-known arguments in favor of business life. It lacks, however, much of the freshness and originality generally characteristic of the *Lit.*'s leaders. The "Concord Sage" is a rambling panegyric of the philosopher. After a long introduction, the writer discusses Mr. Emerson's philosophy and personal characteristics, in rather a confused manner, concluding with a high estimate of his influence on American life. An "Open Letter," ostensibly by a Russian student, descriptive of student life in Russia, is interesting. The "Portfolio," unusually weak this month, completes the number, which is somewhat below the average of the *Lit.*

It is with pleasure that we pick up the Williams papers. Both the *Argo* and the *Athenæum* are remarkable for the amount of interesting matter they present. They are exceptionally successful in providing for their readers short, entertaining stories, sketches, etc. It is in the line of poetry, however, that they are most successful; the following, from the *Argo*, being a good specimen of the verses that enliven its pages:

"A MATCH."

A LA ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

If you were queen of hating,
And I were king of love,
We'd seize bright youth together;
We'd seize and teach him whether
He might live without mating
And mortal joys above;
If you were queen of hating,
And I were king of love.

If you were queen of dancing,
And I, your love, were lame,
You'd help me in my walking,
Of love and sweet things talking,
With love's sweet fire glancing,
Your lambent eyes aflame;
If you were queen of dancing,
And I, your love, were lame,

If you talked prohibition,
And I, your love, got drunk,
We'd storm the bar together,
In different sorts of weather,
With hasty deglutition
Like filling up a trunk;
If you talked prohibition,
And I, your love, got drunk.

Calendar.

JAN. 27TH.—Sermon by Dr. J. M. Ludlow, of Brooklyn, in the College Chapel.

JAN. 28TH.—Junior orators from Clio—Edwards, McIlvaine, Leeper and Wilder. Whig—Bennett, Cleveland, Conner and Mumford.

JAN. 31ST.—Day of Prayer for Colleges. Services in Chapel afternoon and evening, conducted by Dr. Gordon, of Boston.

FEB. 2D.—Second Division, Chapel Stage, spoke in old Chapel.

FEB. 3D.—Dr. Cameron preached in Chapel.

FEB. 5TH.—Clio Hall Sophomore speaking. First prize, J. Cashman; second prize, W. Farrand.

FEB. 7TH.—Trustee meeting to consider the question of college athletics.....Intercollegiate athletic resolutions adopted.

FEB. 7TH.—First of Charles Dudley Warner's lectures on Literature and Life.

FEB. 8TH.—Concert by the Glee Club, at Elizabeth, N. J.

FEB. 9TH.—Second lecture by Mr. Warner.....Death of Dr. Arnold Guyot.

FEB. 11TH.—Funeral of Dr. Guyot. College exercises were suspended on Monday afternoon, and the students attended the funeral exercises in a body. Sermon preached by Dr. Murray.....Third lecture by Mr. Warner.

FEB. 12TH.—Whig Hall Prize debate. Monroe Crawford, '85, first prize. Clio Hall—Wilson Farrand, '85, first prize; Sherrerd Depue, '85, second prize.

FEB. 13TH.—Final lecture of Mr. Warner's course.

FEB. 16TH.—Chapel Stage speaking in old Chapel.

FEB. 21ST.—Glee Club concert at Germantown.

FEB. 22D.—Washington's Birthday exercises in the old Chapel in the morning. Orators—C. Heydrick, '84; D. Edwards, '85; C. R. Erdman, '86, and J. W. Savage, Jr., '87.....Winter sports in the Gymnasium in the afternoon.

FEB. 22D.—Concert of the Glee Club at Baltimore, Md.

FEB. 25TH.—First cotillion of the Princeton Assembly.

HALL OF THE PHILOSOPHIC SOCIETY,
PRINCETON, N. J., FEB. 12TH, 1884. }

WHEREAS, In the providence of Almighty God, Prof. Arnold Guyot, LL.D., has been removed by death from our midst to the reward for which his manliness and simplicity of character, his child-like faith and Christian piety, have abundantly fitted him; and

WHEREAS, We feel that in his death we have sustained the loss of one whose eminent attainments in science and literature it will ever be our pride, as a society, to acknowledge; and

WHEREAS, We deplore, as individuals, the loss of a wise counselor and generous friend,

Resolved, That we, the Cliosophic Society, do hereby express our deep sorrow; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and be published in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, *The Princetonian* and the *Princeton Press*.

JAMES M. BALDWIN,
LEONIDAS DENNIS,
A. B. HOBBS,
Committee.

Ruskin's Advice to Picture Buyers.

FROM AN ESSAY.

Never buy a copy of a picture. All copies are bad, because no painter who is worth a straw ever will copy. He will make a study of a picture he likes for his own use in his own way, but he won't and can't copy; and whenever you buy a copy you buy so much misunderstanding of the original, and encourage a dull person in following a business he is not fit for, besides increasing, ultimately, chances of mistake and imposture. You may, in fact, consider yourself as having purchased a certain quantity of mistakes, and, according to your power, being engaged in disseminating them.

This advice can be very aptly applied to Cigarette Smokers. The original Straight Cut Cigarette is the RICHMOND Straight Cut brand, and purchasers are cautioned to observe that the Signature of Allen and Ginter is on every package, and not be deceived by gross imitations.—*Exchange Paper.*

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